

little boy, who already had most everything he wanted, a pony, because he wrote him a letter and asked for one, he would surely bring a little boy that did not have many toys, a pony, if he wrote and asked him for it. And, besides, mother, I asked God in my prayer, tonight, to send me a pony by Santa Claus, and he knows how much I want it, and he will send it." How that mother did wish, at that moment, that she could help God to answer that prayer! But here she was, with no money to buy a Shetland pony if there had been one for sale, and there were none to be had for miles around. She wished, too, that she might do it, to help strengthen her child's faith in his Heavenly Father; and she felt that his disappointment in the morning would be such grief to him, as well as herself. Here, her thoughts were interrupted by her child's exclaiming, "He will send her, mother; I know he will." The mother tried to quiet him, and lull him to sleep. She told him he would get the pony, if it was best for him to have it; but it might not be best. At last he fell asleep. And the mother, dropping her head on her folded arms, wept bitter tears. She was the wife of a "Home Missionary," among a people that "feared not God nor regarded man." She stood by her husband bravely in this hard place, for the past two years, trying to show these people the better way, which they were slow to walk in. The moral standard of the community was very low. Many of the people were dishonest and quarrelsome. They taught their children to fight, if any differences arose between them and others. The mother felt and deplored this evil influence for her children more than she could express. She felt that for this work, they had borne so much, and so far, she could see no results. And now as this Christmastide was at hand, she thought a little bitterly of their scanty store; how they had denied themselves in every way that they might live among and help these people and with no response; Christmas at hand with so little to make her children happy; while her worldly neighbor's children had enough, and to spare. In the bitterness of her soul, she said aloud, "Lord, I could bear all this for myself—all this poverty and hardship but for my poor children; Lord it seems to me more than I can bear." The very flood-gates of her soul were lifted up and a torrent of tears poured forth. When she had wept for awhile, she grew calm; she wiped her eyes, and arose and went over to the mirror and said to the tear-stained face she saw there: "Mary Lewis; I am heartily ashamed of you. You said when you came out here to this work that you would be willing to suffer anything that the Lord's name might be glorified; what have you borne for his name's sake? Has not he repaid you a thousand fold for what little you have done, and have you not been clothed and fed and had health and strength given to you, with ten thousand other blessings? Do you really lack anything? Why, you are the 'Child of a King'; 'All things are yours.'" And as this blessed

realization surged through her heart she became wonderfully soothed and softened. She sought her pillow, and was soon lost in peaceful sleep which lasted till the dawn of the day. She was then awakened by a glad cry of "Wake up, mother! O, mother, awake! Santa Claus has been here, and brought a Shetland pony, and just lots of nice things; there is a great pile of them out on the porch!" The mother hurriedly dressed and went out and found, as the children had said. Huge stockings hung from the banisters, bulging out with all sorts of good things for the children, and even one for the father and mother. A dear little pony stood meekly by the porch, fastened to a post, with a note pinned to his "squeaky" saddle, which told John. Santa Claus was glad to know that he was such an unselfish little boy, and was so glad to bring him the pony, and hoped that he and all his family would have the best Christmas to be thought of. The father, with the children's help, got the boxes and barrels into the house; opened them and found they contained useful and substantial things for all the family. Clothes, toys, and books for the children. Canned goods, preserves and jellies, with many other nice things for the pantry. A pretty new dress and hat for the mother, with dainty gloves, shoes and other nice wearing apparel, such as she had longed for, but never hoped to obtain. A new suit and overcoat for the father, with two crisp one hundred dollar bills in the pocket. The children were in ecstasies of joy over their new possessions, and declared they had never seen such a Christmas; that it really seemed too good to be true. The parents' hearts were filled with gratitude and love; first to the "Giver of every good and perfect gift," and then to the kind friend, who had so bountifully supplied their wants, and had given

them so much pleasure. When the mother remembered her bitter feelings last night, and her lack of faith in her Heavenly Father, and saw this new display of his loving care, she became silent and subdued. Then, as the happy laughter of the merry children rang out through the house, she called them about her and said, "Let's sing, 'Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow'"

M. L. S.

More than three hundred of the islands of the Pacific ocean have been evangelized in the past eight decades. In some of these islands not a heathen can be found. In that length of time islanders heretofore cannibals and moreover addicted to the savage custom of taking the old and dependent parent from the corner and throwing him or her alive into a hole in the ground, covering the aged and helpless one with dirt. Horrible! Now many such islands have to show church spires and the reign of Christ. In proportion to ability no churches in the home land exceed them in liberality of contributions to foreign missions. Surely the kingdom of Christ is coming.—Herald and Presbyter.

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